THE PORT FOLIO.

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

.....“VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED.”
COWPER.

VOL. III.] [No. 44.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1803.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LAY PREACHER.

“For lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.”*

MEN, who have witnessed the horrors of that tempestuous and deformed season, which, by its cold, contracts the body, and, by its gloom, depresses the mind, naturally feel, at the first glimpse of warmth and vegetation, an undescribable rapture. Even in the mild climates of the east, in the sunny gardens of Palestine, the slight, the short, and fleeting winter was considered an enemy to joy; and Solomon congratulates the arrival of Spring, in a strain of uncommon gaiety. In a tone, soft as the season, and animated as its pleasures, he exhorts his ‘fair one’ to ‘rise,’ to ‘come away,’ and, in the open fields, to hear the wild music of nature, and to observe her green and tender tribes, bursting from the sepulchre of cold. This invitation is enforced by a most lively description of the landscape; and the appropriate metaphors, Solomon employs, seem inspired by the very genius of the season, and the liquid, and harmonious words he selects, are responsive to the turtle's notes.

If a native of Jerusalem could be thus elated, at the succession of spring, after the mildest reign of winter, what must be the delight of him, who, under our northern skies, beholds, for more than half the year, a waste of snows, hears the midnight howl of the storm, and feels the nitrous needles of a frigid atmosphere, lacerating every pore?

But suppositions are superfluous. We need only look at the door of the cottage, or stray into the nearest pasture, to discern the operation of spring upon the hopes of the husbandman. Tired of the dull and sullen company of the austere months, and disgusted with the chimney corner, which denies room and exercise to his plough, at the whistle of the first robin, he flies like ‘the roe,’ or the young hart of Bether,’ to furrows and fields. The genial sun burnishes his manly cheek, the soft and voluptuous air, vivifies his sturdy limbs, he surveys the rising blade, and anticipates the golden harvest.

But though Nature, in her various exhibitions of verdure and of flowers, and by her chorus of singing birds, seems, at first view, to have no other object, than to amuse our species, as a painter or musician, yet, on reflection, we shall find her both a provident matron, in preparing our nutriment, and a useful monitor, urging us to toil. As I am entirely of opinion with that ancient, and with that poet, who saw his duty inscribed on every leaf, and found a tongue in trees, and books in the running brooks, I think it would not be unprofitable for every man, who looks abroad, to remark that every department, both in the animal and vegetable kingdom, is *in action*. Those countless tribes, which, during winter, were fast locked in the chambers of frost, are now each moment on the wing, and incessantly employed. No pause can be discerned in Nature's present operations, every energy is awake, and even inert matter increasing. It seems, to me, impossible that an idler should rove on our mountains, and not be lessoned into industry. In January, when green corn could not wave, and the violet of our vallies was folded, he might argue himself into a belief, that, to *him*, a suspension of native powers was alike necessary. But in May, there is a million incentives to exertion, and not one reasonable excuse for supineness. Man was destined to activity, like the other parts of our system, and they call on him to lend a helping hand to their labours. The most minute drop of sap, rising in its tube, and the embryo germ, bursting from bark, to a contemplative listener, appear to speak and upbraid the slothful man for not being in useful motion like themselves.

The parallel has been so often run between the spring time of the year, and the spring time of life, that all remarks and doctrines, upon this resemblance, must be of course trite and elementary. But, though the theme is by no means novel to my younger readers, I wish them to permit me, for once, to forego all attempts at originality, and to add a hundredth remark to the ninety-nine of my predecessors. They will gratify the Lay Preacher, if amid their rapid career of thoughtlessness and pleasure, they will stop to make some provision for the dreary season of old age, which will inevitably find, that *stores* of some kind are necessary. They will, I hope, sow the seeds of wisdom seasonably, and not, like the fool of Lord Bolingbroke, plant in autumn, and expect to reap in winter.

* Originally published the first of May.

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE TRIPOD OF HELEN....A TALE.

FROM THE POSTHUMOUS WORKS OF MARMONTEL.

[Concluded.]

The deputies somewhat weary already with so many useless journeyings, went however to Lesbos; but before they presented themselves to Pittacus, they wished to take a cursory view of his island; and after travelling over it, repaired to Mytilene, the place of the king's residence. They were no sooner named than introduced, and one of them thus addressed him—Sovereign of this happy island, in your cities, which we have just visited, at Methymna, at Antissa, and above all at Mytilena, as well as in the neighbouring villages and country, we have beheld nothing but the love of labour, and the image of plenty. Agriculture, industry, and commerce flourishing; everywhere peace and order, everywhere perfect security and blissful tranquillity. This prospect is your panegyric; and the golden tripod, destined by Apollo to the wisest of wise men, belongs of full right to the legislator of Lesbos.

Aye! if the Oracle required only a just and good king, answered Pittacus, I believe myself such; but a wise man is quite another affair. Let us first sit down to dinner, and when we rise from table I will make myself known to you such as I am.

The dinner was plain and frugal; but the air of benevolence and affability, natural to the prince, the amiable gaiety of his children, the dignified and enchanting graces of their mother, Amassilla, the most beautiful of women, were more than a substitute for luxury; and Pittacus, surrounded by his family, would have appeared the happiest of mankind, but for a tincture of melancholy, which seemed to sadden happiness itself.

He made them relate how the golden tripod had come to their possession, and the singular refusal they had successively met with from the other wise men. And so, said he, not one of them is satisfied with himself; and each has in his own breast a judge severer than Envy herself, inexorable as she is—Believe me, gentlemen, they have all deserved their reputation, and are most justly revered. They have not, like me, in their own country, a slanderer, inflexibly bent upon outraging them. That misfortune was reserved for me. With these words a profound sigh escaped from his bosom; and after a considerable interval of silence, he asked the deputies whether the verses of Alcaeus, written against him, and impeaching him as the corruptor and oppressor of his country, were sung in the different cities of Greece.

They all assured him that those scandalous verses were acknowledged such, and were disgraceful only to the poet. There, said the queen, you hear that!—the evil genius is known; and the gall of which he is full, is a poison only to himself. Forgive him, therefore, and forget him forever. Aye, said he, I am willing to believe that the satire is detested, but even they who detest it, have it all by heart.

On leaving the table, the queen and her children withdrew; and Pittacus walked with the deputies over the gardens of his palace. Heaven is my witness, said he, that in accepting the royal dignity, offered me by the Lesbians, I only yielded to the intreaties of the greater number, and to the wishes of the worthiest citizens. Since which I have done for them every thing that a tender father could have done for beloved children; yet that wretched Alcaeus never ceases to blacken my measures, and to poison my best actions. In his verses my laws are chains, my authority is but a yoke; my very benefits are a bait; and the mercy I extended even to himself, when he was in my power, was, according to him, owing either to the fear of censure, or to the hope of making him my flatterer. I solemnly attest to the gods that I wanted nothing from him but silence. What harm have I done him? Did I usurp the throne, where, with eyes flashing fire of rage, he beholds me seated? What single instance of violence or of iniquity have I ever committed to render me odious? And what other man in Lesbos, or in all Greece, but he, can charge me with tyranny? Yet will those verses, in which he paints me in the blackest colours, go down to posterity. The gods, for my torment have be-

stowed upon an impostor the gift of genius. How much does he belie that vulgar fable, that serpents, in feeding upon the herbage of Helicon, lose their venom! His heart is more swoln with it than the heart of a viper: he pours it forth upon my administration in torrents.

The delegates attempted to answer him, by the assurance that the equitable voice of Fame would confound his accuser. And who, said they, ever more loudly, than you, declared his abhorrence for tyranny? Was it not you, who, upon being asked what was the worst of beasts, made this memorable answer: of the wild, a tyrant; and of the tame, a flatterer? Are you then the person to be accused of tyranny yourself?

No, I am not one, said he; no, I never will be one; and, after resigning my power, I will give an account to heaven and earth of the use I have made of it. You, Pittacus! exclaimed the deputies, you, in complaisance to an infamous detractor, resign the power of rendering a nation happy! Yes, to confound calumny, I will resign it. I am very sensible that this people still want me: neither their laws, nor their morals, nor their happiness are sufficiently established; peace and plenty, which I have procured them, leads to vices, to which I know them inclined: if they should relapse into sloth and idleness, they will soon become again corrupt, and perhaps give themselves up to the most destructive licentiousness: this is what the wisest of the Lesbians are continually telling me. But such is my weakness, that in vain ten thousand voices ring with blessings on the mildness and indulgence of my reign; a single man corrupts, at the bottom of my heart, all my joys, and all my prosperity. I see him, like a fury, pursue me into futurity—the people who bless me will be silent in dust; and Alceus will live, to dishonour me from age to age; he alone will be heard! In the silence of the night his infamous, but caustic verses, flashing with rage and with genius, overflowing with gall and with beauties, insolent and harmonious, resound in my ears. They will pass from mouth to mouth, and I seem to hear him sing them himself, in the midst of assembled nations. The harmony of his lyre disturbs my sleep; I hear and startle at the dreadful words: "break, cowardly Lesbos, break the chains of a tyrant." No! no! I have not that unbending energy of wisdom; that energy which tramples under foot the serpents of envy and of calumny, and marches with bold and steady step in the straight path of duty. If I were a truly wise man, Alceus might ever so much insult me, I should abandon to him the opinions of the vulgar: I should let him pass his deception upon common fame, and find my own happiness in the good I had done, and that I should still do to my country. But it is not so; I am anxious, agitated, disquieted, like a child, at what will be thought of me; like the timid deer, that ranges the forest, I am terrified at the rustling of the wind; at the fall of a leaf. Take back your golden tripod; the feeble, pusillanimous Pittacus has not deserved it.

To whom then, said the Pythian delegates, to whom shall we make the offering? To Periander of Corinth, said the king of Lesbos. Periander does not assume a place among the wise men; but he loves to bring them together, and listens to them with pleasure. He has often assembled them all to a banquet; he is well acquainted with them all; and could settle their relative merits better than any other man. But, for greater certainty, go, and in the name of the god who sent you, request him to invite them all to supper. There, with the glass in hand, and the golden tripod upon the table, they shall themselves adjudge to whom the prize of superior wisdom shall be delivered by your hands.

This advice was pursued. The wise men, at the invitation of Periander, on a given day, all met together at Corinth, and it is needless to add that the deputies from Miletus and Cos were of the party.

Come, said Periander to the guests, towards the close of the repast, after having the tripod, crowned with flowers, brought upon the table; come, let each of you give us, in turn, a definition of wisdom, and let the prize be given to him who shall appear to unite, in the highest degree, the characteristics of the real sage. You will thus be judged by your peers.

Then, according to the custom which prevailed at those entertainments, only one speaking at a time, some defined wisdom *an unalterable equanimity, in good or bad fortune;* others, *a profound self-knowledge, applied to the pursuit of virtue and of happiness;* others, *a moderation of desires, never exceeding the real wants of nature;* others, *the gift of regulating the present, and preparing for futurity, by the lessons of the past;* one, *a fortitude of soul, proof against the other passions;* another, *the absolute command of reason over the will.* Bias closed the circle; and when his turn came to speak, wisdom, said he, is all these together; whence I conclude that the real sage is not a mortal, but a god; and a god like whom there are very few. I advise that the golden tripod be sent back to the god, at whose commands it was offered to us; for to him it belongs. In this opinion they all immediately concurred, and the tripod of Helen was consecrated, in the temple of Delphi, to serve as a seat for the priestess of Apollo.

When this important affair had thus been brought to a conclusion, the deputies began to congratulate Bias upon the success of his opinion. Congratulate me, said he, upon a much greater instance of good fortune: I am the happiest of men; I have found my dog again; I have nothing more on earth to desire.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

Of the juvenile application and genius of the Rev. T. Warton, we find the following record in a new biography of that celebrated poetry professor.

"In the excessive cold winter of 1739-40, when he was but eleven years old, he would quit the family fire-side, and retire to his chamber, and there apply himself assiduously to books, not as a task, but as an amusement.

"He had commenced his poetical career at a still earlier age; and I shall hope for the indulgence of my readers, if I here insert his first composition, written in a letter to his sister, when he was about nine years old, and by her kindly communicated to me. Dr. Joseph Warton always preserved it as a literary curiosity.

'Dear Sister,

I thank you for your letter, and, in return, I send you the first production of my little muse, which I wish was now old enough to make a song for you to set to music; but at present I send you these four verses:

On Leander's swimming over the Hellespont to Hero, translated by me from the Latin of Martial.

When bold Leander sought his distant fair,
(Nor could the sea a braver burden bear),
Thus to the swelling waves he spoke his woe,
'Drown me on my return—but spare me as I go.'

'I agree with you in thinking that friendship, like truth, should be without form or ornament; and that both appear best in their dishabille. Let friendship, therefore, and truth, music and poetry go hand in hand.

'The above verses I know are trifles, but you will make good-natured allowances for my little muse; it will be my utmost ambition to make some verses, that you can set to your harpsichord, and to shew you, upon all occasions, how sincerely I am your brother,

THOMAS WARTON.'

—

The playful simplicity of Anacreon's muse, it is remarked by the Critical Reviewers, operates with winning charms on every one, who has sufficient taste to admire the genuine effusions of the heart. He is almost the only poet of antiquity, who, in descanting on the passion of love, does not offend the chaste by gross voluptuousness of language. Nothing can be gayer than the ensuing sentiments, and yet the muse of Anacreon, in the midst of his frolic, doth not behave herself unseemly.

When I behold the festive train
Of dancing youth, I'm young again!
Memory wakes her magic trance,
And wings me lightly through the dance.
Come, Cybela, smiling maid!
Cull the flower, and twine the braid,
Bid the blush of summer's rose
Burn upon my brow of snows;
And let me, while the wild and young
Trip the mazy dance along,
Fling my heap of years away,
And be as wild, as young as they.
Hither haste, some cordial soul,
Give my lips the brimming bowl;
Oh, you will see this hoary sage
Forget his locks, forget his age.
He still can chaunt the festive hymn,
He still can kiss the goblet's brim;
He still can act the mellow raver,
And play the fool as sweet as ever.

—

In this ode, the pleasures, whether real or fancied, of a jovial hour, are sung by the voice of Experience.

While our rosy fillets shed
Blushes o'er each fervid head,
With many a cup and many a smile,
The festal moments we beguile;
And while the harp, impassioned, flings
Tuneful rapture from the strings,
Some airy nymph, with fluent limbs,
Through the dance luxuriant swims,
Waving in her snowy hand,
The leafy Bacchanalian wand.
Which, as the tripping wanton flies,
Shakes its tresses to her sighs;
A youth the while, with loosen'd hair,
Floating on the listless air,
Sings to the wild harp's tender tone,
A tale of woes, alas! his own;
And then, what nectar in his sigh
As o'er his lip the murmurs die!
Surely never yet has been
So divine, so blest a scene!
Has Cupid left the starry sphere
To wave his golden tresses here?
Oh yes, and Venus, queen of wiles,
And Bacchus, shedding rosy smiles,
All, all are here, to hail with me
The genius of Festivity.

—

Cowper, alluding to the suddenness with which many of his warmest friendhips were formed, says, with not less piety than poetry:

Mysterious are his ways, whose power
Brings forth that unexpected hour,
When minds, that never met before,
Shall meet, unite, and part no more.
It is the allotment of the skies
The hand of the supremely wise
That guides and governs our affections,
And plans and orders our connexions.

—

Dr. Bentley was vilified as a Zoilus by many a pert contemporary. The classical Dr. Knox thus vindicates the character of that strenous divine, and profound scholar.

"What writer argues against atheism more cogently than Bentley? A man whose critical acumen was unparalleled; whose mental powers were athletic; who stood like a colossus among

the pigmy witlings of the age, and who was, therefore, aspersed by their petty passions.

—

Seed adorns his discourses with every grace of elegant and sentimental composition. He is, indeed, flowery, but his flowers are not gaudy without fragrance; they abound with honey, and are the pleasant harbingers of autumnal plenty. He is by no means superficial, though florid. He is, indeed, a very solid writer, but often conceals the thorns of argument, under the roses of imagination.

—

When Walton first published his famous and facetious system of angling, Robert Floud, one of his compatriots, inscribed to him the following lines, in the quaint stile of that age:

To my dear brother, Mr. Isaac Walton, on his "Complete Angler."

This book is so like you, and you like it,
For harmless mirth, expression, art and wit,
That I protest, ingenuously 'tis true,
I love the mirth, art, wit, the book and you.

—

Gilbert Wakefield, speaking of the preference which Paris gave to Venus rather than to Juno, declares that this fancy of the Trojan shepherd was no bad fancy; and would not have disgraced his betters, if the means of realizing the vision had proved no more exceptionable than the vision itself. Theocritus most evidently coincided with this sentiment, in those strains of incomparable elegance, and almost enchanting melody in his eighth Idyl:

I wish not Pelop's wide extended lands,
Nor speed to leave the lagging gales behind,
No realms of Crœsus, where, o'er golden sands,
The rippling streams of bright Pactolus wind.

But while my sheep graze careless by the side
Of yon broad hill, that flings his cooling shade
Near the bright bosom of Sicilia's tide,
May these fond arms enclasp my beauteous maid.

—

Lord Viscount Strangford, who has wisely given to literary pursuits and learned converse the liberal leisure that rank and fortune bestow, has, aided by the advice and experience of Hayley, and the bishop of Dromore, undertaken a translation of the smaller poems of Camoens. Of one of the most pathetic sonnets of that unhappy Portuguese the noble translator says: "The touching melancholy of those compositions in which Camoens complains of his sorrows, becomes truly interesting when we consider that he laments what he actually suffered, that he was not fastidiously unhappy, but underwent real misery in its fullest extent."

Slowly and heavily the time has run
Which I have journey'd on this earthly stage,
For, scarcely entering on my prime of age,
Grief mark'd me for her own; ere yonder sun
Had the fifth lustrum of my days begun:
And since, compulsive Fate and fortune's rage
Have led my steps, a long, long pilgrimage
In search of lost repose, but finding none,
For that fell star, which o'er my cradle hung,
Forc'd me from dear Alamquer's rustic charms
To combat perils strange and dire alarms,
Mid that rough main, whose angry waters roar
Rude Abyssinia's cavern'd cliffs among
Far from green Portugal's parental shore.

—

From Pliny, the younger, Mr. Hayley has selected for his life of Cowper, a motto, which most forcibly describes the unreserved intimacy which subsisted between the two poets.

"Observatur occulis ille vir, quo neminem ætas nostra graviorem, sanctiorem, subtiliorem denique tulit: quem ego quum ex admiratione diligere cœpissem, quod evenire contra solet, magis admiratus sum, postquam penitus inspexi. Inspexi enim penitus: nihil a me ille secretum, non joculare, non serium, non triste, non lætum."

—

Cowper, to beguile the solitude of his rural rambles at Olney, used to take with him a favourite Spaniel, whom he called *Beau*. On a common incident in the life of almost every young dog, the poet has founded the following poems.

A Spaniel, Beau, that fares like you,
Well fed and at his ease,
Should wiser be than to pursue
Each trifle that he sees.

But you have kill'd a tiny bird,
Which flew not till to-day,
Against my orders, whom you heard
Forbidding you the prey.

Nor did you kill that you might eat,
And ease a doggish pain,
For him, though chas'd with furious heat,
You left, where he was slain.

Nor was he of the thievish sort,
Or one whom blood allures,
But innocent was all his sport
Whom you have torn for yours.

My dog! what remedy remains,
Since, teach you all I can,
I see you, after all my pains,
So much resemble man.

BEAU'S REPLY.

Sir! when I flew to seize the bird,
In spite of your command,
A louder voice than yours I heard,
And harder to withstand.

You cried 'forbear!'—but in my breast
A mightier cried 'proceed!'
'Twas nature, sir, whose strong behest
Impell'd me to the deed.

Yet, much as nature I respect,
I ventur'd once to break,
As you, perhaps, may recollect,
Her precept, for your sake.

And when your Linnet on a day,
Passing his prison door,
Had flutter'd all his strength away,
And panting press'd the floor,
Well knowing him a sacred thing,
Not destin'd to my tooth,
I only kiss'd his ruffled wing,
And lick'd his feathers smooth.

Let my obedience then, excuse
My disobedience now!
Nor some reproof yourself refuse
From your aggriev'd Bow vow.

If killing birds be such a crime,
Which I can hardly see,
What think you, sir, of killing Time,
With verse, address'd to me?

—

Soame Jenyns, Esq. has discussed the intricate subject of the English national debt, with so much liveliness and good sense, and in a stile so wonderfully clear and elegant, that I will devote half an hour of my evening to the transcription of his ingenuity.

"Our debt is in fact our riches, the greater it is the more we can expend, and the more we owe the easier we find it to borrow, because there is more to be lent. However paradoxical these propositions may seem, they are undoubtedly true, and are confirmed by long practice and daily experience, the surest guides in political inquiries.

To be satisfied with their truth, we need only look back on the pecuniary state of England, before the commencement of our national debt, and we shall see, that, compared with our present superabundant opulence, there was no money, and that our power, grandeur, and riches have gradually increased in proportion to the interest of that debt, which puts me in mind of what one Irishman said of another, that once he knew him a poor fellow with scarce a coat to his back, though he was now grown a *rich man*, and *owed ten thousand pounds*. As there was then but very little property, except land, the landed gentleman was much richer, that is, stood higher in the scale of comparative riches than he stands at present, but he had no money, nor wanted much; he lived upon the productions of his own estate, in a plentiful, but slovenly hospitality. If once in half a year the hard hands of his tenants brought him in a few guineas, they were all owing long before they came, and the carpenter, the bricklayer, the taylor, and the shop-keeper, were all waiting in the hall for their arrival, anxious to seize them before they escaped. He seldom went farther from home than to a club or a sessions, and then he was obliged to take up half a guinea, on account of rent, to defray his expenses. If a Scotch pedlar came into the yard, the whole family were in as great an uproar as the dogs, surveyed the contents of his pack with longing eyes, but could not raise cash among them sufficient to purchase a dozen or two of pocket handkerchiefs, or a few smocks for the misses. A silk gown never saw day-light except on Sunday. The high sheriff's laced waistcoat was preserved among the family archives, and the wedding coach wheeled slowly through the dirt for three generations. A scarcity of money was visible over the whole face of the country; the wastes were uncultivated, the marshes undrained, the roads almost impassable, and the conveyances tedious. The metropolis, compared with the present, was of small extent; the streets were narrow, ill paved, ill lighted, few coaches or chairs, few places of public amusement, no banker's shops, except of working goldsmiths, and had there been any, no cash to be deposited in them. None but some of the first nobility had houses; the country gentleman seldom or never came to town; unless he was sent a representative to parliament, and then in a stage coach, unaccompanied by his wife and family, to a lodging, up three pair of stairs, in some obscure street, for want of money to procure a better, and the minister had none to give him.

Let us now take a view of the astonishing contrast of our present opulence and luxury, which has gradually grown up and kept pace with our debt. The landed gentleman, fitted by education for some honourable and lucrative profession, is no longer to be found amid the dirt and penury of the country, but appears with affluence and dignity in the character of a general or admiral, a judge or a bishop; our commerce is extended, and our manufactures improved; our lands are better cultivated, and our people, in every rank of life, better fed, clothed, and lodged, than in any former period. Our roads, throughout every part of the kingdom, are gravel walks, furnished with carriages and post horses at every stage, always ready to receive travellers, who are always ready to fill them, and have money in their pockets sufficient to pay them. Our inns are palaces, in which we are sure to find a variety of wines and provisions of the best kind, beds and sophas, plate, linen, china, with many elegant accommodations, promised by their external appearance. Even those of an inferior rank are not deficient in every convenience and comfort, have a screen, a carpet, and a mahogany table in every room, and good fowls and mutton in the larder. Our metropolis has spread itself over some thousands of acres, covered with wide streets, and spacious squares, adorned with churches, palaces, hospitals, and bridges, the streets, courts, and alleys are all full of shops, these shops full of customers, and these customers full of money. Plays, operas, oratorios,

and concerts, are exhibited every night, and all to audiences so crowded, that multitudes are turned back, with half guineas in their hands, unable to gain admission. Thousands are collected from the idle and extravagant for seeing dogs, horses, men and monkies, perform feats of activity, and, in some places, for the privilege only of seeing one another. Players, singers, and musicians are rewarded with a ridiculous profusion; an actor on the stage receives as much as one in the senate; and a fiddler of the first eminence acquires as good an income as a lord of the treasury. Our houses are filled with the richest furniture, and adorned with pictures and statues of the highest price; our side-boards are covered with plate, our tables with delicacies, our servants with lace, and our wives with diamonds. All these infallible marks of riches have commenced and progressively increased with our debt, and are, therefore, undoubtedly derived from it. No small part, indeed, of them have flowed in from the East and West Indies; but these also ought to be placed to the same account, because, without the aid of our fictitious wealth, we could never have so far extended our commerce, or our conquests."

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF CAMOENS.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE LUSIAD."

[Concluded.]

The character of Camoens may be inferred from his writings. An open and undisguised contempt of every thing base and sordid, whatever were the rank or power of its possessor, formed one of its principal features. We have already seen how much the worldly interest of our poet was injured by this honourable audacity of soul. Those who condemn it must be ignorant that the exercise of this feeling produces a more enviable delight than any which fortune can ever bestow. The poor man is not always poor!

But gallantry was the leading trait in the disposition of Camoens. His amours were various and successful. Woman was to him as a ministering angel, and for the little joy which he tasted in life, he was indebted to her. The magic of female charms forms his favourite theme, and while he paints the allurements of the sex, with the glowing pencil of an enthusiast, he seems transported into that heaven which he describes. Nor did this passion ever desert him; even in his last days, he feelingly regretted the raptures of youth, and lingered with delight on the remembrances of love. A cavalier, named Ruy de Camera, having called upon our author to finish a poetical version of the seven penitential psalms, raising his head from his miserable pallet, and pointing to his faithful slave, he exclaimed, "Alas, when I was a poet, I was young, and happy, and *blest with the love of the ladies*, but now, I am a forlorn, deserted wretch:—See—there stands my poor Antonio, vainly supplicating *four-pence* to purchase a little coals—I have them not to give him!" The cavalier, as Sousa quaintly relates, closed his heart and his purse, and quitted the room. Such were the grandees of Portugal!

The genius of Camoens was almost universal. Like the great father of English poetry, there is scarcely any species of writing, from the epigram to the epic, which he has not attempted, and, like him, he has succeeded in all. It is not the province of the translator to offer any remarks on the Lusiad. That task has already been ably performed. Of his minor productions, the general characteristic is ease; not the studied carelessness of modern refinement, but the graceful and charming simplicity of a Grecian muse. When he wrote, the Italian model was in fashion, and as Camoens was intimately acquainted with that language, he too frequently sacrificed his better judgment to the vitiated opinion of the public. Hence the extravagant hyperboles and laborious allusions, which he has sometimes, though rarely, employed. But his own taste was formed on purer principles. He had studied and admired the poems of Provence.* He had wandered through those vast catacombs of buried genius, and treasure rewarded his search. Even the humble knowledge of Provençal literature, which the present writer possesses, has enabled him to discover many passages which the Portuguese poet has rendered his own. But we must be careful not to defraud Camoens of the merit of originality. To that character he has, perhaps, a juster claim than any of the moderns, Dante alone excepted. The same remark which Landino applies to that poet, may be referred to him.† He was the first who wrote with elegance in his native tongue. The language of Rome, and even of Greece, had been refined by antecedent authors, before the appearance of Virgil or of Homer, but Camoens was at once the polisher, and in some degree the creator of his own. How deplorable must have been its state, when it naturalized two thousand new words, on the bare authority of a single man! Monsieur Ménage was wont to pique himself on having introduced into the French the term '*venuste*;' yet all his influence could never make it current, nor indeed did it long survive its illustrious fabricator.

Our author, like many others, has suffered much from the cruel kindness of editors and commentators. After the first publication of his 'Rimas,' there appeared a number of spurious compositions, which, for some time, were attributed to him. Amongst these was a poem to which notice is due, not on account of its own merit, but from regard to the reputation of Camoens. It is called 'the Creation and Composition of Man,' and is a strange medley of anatomy, metaphysics, and school divinity. In subject, and occasionally in execution, it strikingly resembles the 'Purple Island' of Phineas Fletcher; and, like it, is a curious example of tortured ingenuity. One instance shall suffice. Man is typified under the symbol of a tower. The mouth is the gateway, and the teeth are described as two and thirty millers, clothed in white, and placed as guards on either side of the porch. His metaphor is more satirically just, when he represents the tongue as a female, old and experienced, whose office was to regulate and assist the efforts of the thirty-two grinders aforesaid, all young men of indispensible utility and extraordinary powers!

> 'Duros e rijos, trinta e dous moleiros
> De grande força, e util exerciso!

He must possess no little credulity, who would attribute such a work to the author of the Lusiad.‡

There is also another poem which bears his name, but is certainly the production of a different hand. The martyrdom of St. Ursula and the eleven thousand virgins, forms its subject. But it is not probable that the persevering chastity of these unhappy ladies could ever have found favour in sight of our amorous bard. It is still less likely that he would have celebrated it in song.

Camoens is the reputed author of three comedies, published at different periods after his death. The subject of one of them is the amour of Antiochus with his step-mother Stratonice. There are some fine passages to be found in this production; but in general, the writer seems to have anticipated the taste of modern times, and to have considered comedy and farce as the same. Another is founded on the prolonged adventure of Jupiter and Alcmena. The third, and indisputably the best, relates the romantic loves of a prince of Denmark and a Spanish lady, who, after a due course of tribulation, prove to be first-cousins, and are happily united. But notwithstanding the improbability of the design, the execution is good; and, on the whole, this composition bears internal evidence of the hand of Camoens.

* The poetry of the Troubadours passed into Arragon and Catalonia at the time when the kings of the former territory, (counts of Barcelona) became, by marriage, counts of Provence.

Mons. Le Grand, Fabliaux, vol. 2. p. 25.

† Trovo Omero la lingua Greca molto gia abbondante, ed elimata da Orfeo, da Museo, &c. &c. trovo Virgilio la Latina esornata e da Ennio, e da Lucrezio, &c. &c. ma inanzi a Dante in lingua Toscana nessuno avea trovato alcuna leggiadria, &c.

Landino. Comm. in Dant. ed. 1491. fol. 13.

‡ A treatise on Surgery was printed in 1551, by Bernardino de Montana. The second part is called *El Sueno*, or the Dream, and seems to have been the original from which this singular poem was derived.

MISCELLANY.

[In the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian, almost every pleasing form of vision and allegory has been displayed. Even the Rambler nodded and the Adventurer dreamed for the good of the wakeful. It has been supposed by many that this vehicle of instruction and pleasure is now become a hackney, almost too common for the dignity of a writer. But such is the fertility of the human mind, and so boundless are the realms of Fancy, that a man of genius can give new graces to topics the most trite and threadbare. The following vision by Roberts, a recent Essayist and one of the most lucky imitators of Addison, since the demise of Goldsmith, is one of the most agreeable sallies of invention to be found in any language. The stile is sweet and pure, the lights and shades of allegory are finely crayoned the author is equally original and brilliant in the display of his imagery. We see that *Queen Mab has been with him*. He exhibits the essence of fancy, and the spirit of contemplation. His humour excites merriment, and his Satire is fertile of instruction.]

THE EMPIRE OF NOTHING.

A VISION.

Among my qualifications for the undertaking in which I am embarked, I should do myself great injustice not to include my talent for dreaming. When my waking thoughts begin to fail me, I have nothing to do but to place myself in my mother's great chair, and fall deliberately asleep. This I do with such success, that the old lady says I have a genius this way; and very much commends the felicity of my sleeping fancies. Upon these occasions, however, when, to prevent my readers from sleeping, I find it necessary to fall asleep myself, I never omit the ceremony of putting on my figured roquelaure, which exhibits a sort of mystical hieroglyphical pattern, and may, on that account, contain as much virtue and efficacy, as Mrs. Corbyn's original root for gold and silver dreams.

Yesterday being Thursday, there was a meeting of our Society, in which Mr. Anthony Allworth delivered some excellent observations on the vulgar tautology of fashionable life, and the nonsense and nullity of most of those pursuits which fill out the measure of our existence and our exertions. I came home, determined to follow up my friend's remarks through the course of a Paper; but finding myself sinking below my model, in spite of my utmost efforts, I called for any oracular gown, and dropping into the great chair, where I could neither see nor be seen, was presently charmed into a gentle sleep, that produced a new creation around me.

Methought I was wandering through a dark forest, and unhappily lost my way. I proceeded with pain and weariness till I came to the mouth of a prodigious cavern, out of which there issued much fog and vapour. An irresistible curi-

osity led me onwards till I reached the spot, where I could not abstain from standing at the entrance of the cave, and stooping forwards as much as I could, to gain a view of the interior parts of it. At this moment I was attacked with such a giddiness and stupor, accompanied with such a strange singing in my head, that with all my efforts I could not keep my feet; but, after a few turns, fell prone into the hollow abyss, and seemed to fall through a "vast vacuity" "ten thousand fathom deep."

My fall seemed to be as tedious as that of the Titans, who were nine days and nine nights in reaching the profundity of Tartarus; and I had begun to think I never should regain my footing, when suddenly I found myself in the midst of a spacious plain, at one extremity of which I could discern the spires and turrets of a vast city. As the whole country was inveloped in a thick fog, every object appeared extremely large, out of all proportion: and a crowd of people that were amusing themselves with some plays and gambols, in the champaign that stretched itself before me, put me strongly in mind of Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain, which was very poetically named by the ancient Saxons, "The Dance of the Giants."

While I was looking about with the usual stare of a foreigner, there came running towards me, very much out of breath, a civil gentleman, with a body swollen out to a vast circumference, and a countenance extremely bloated, who offered very politely to be my conductor and interpreter, as I seemed to have no acquaintance in the place where I was. I thanked him very much for his condescension, and accepted his offer with the best grace I could, declaring myself a perfect stranger to the country in which I found myself. "I guessed as much," he replied, with great civility in his looks, but still puffing and blowing as if he never could have recovered himself. "You are not in that plump, high-fed condition, so general among the inhabitants of this country, and which follows from the great quantity of fixed air they devour. I must begin then with informing you that you are at this moment in the kingdom of Nothing, the most populous and flourishing empire of all the states of the universe." "Is it posible," cried I, "that this can be the case, when the very resistance of the ground to the pressure of my feet, and the perfect use I have of all my senses, prove incontestibly that what I see before me is not inanity, but substance and matter?" "Your remark, replied my new acquaintance, is not unnatural; but you are to learn that the nothings of which this our country is composed, are not distinguished by their impalpability, but their vanity and inutility; not by their want of weight, but their want of value: and we have no one article among us, that, on a fair valuation, would purchase an old song, in the island you have left —I say, on a fair valuation; because, somehow or other, our nothings have risen to such high estimation among you of late years, and our emigrations have been so numerous and frequent by means of our balloons, that his Inane Majesty has been obliged to oppose severe prohibitions and restrictions to this increasing rage, which would otherwise soon exhaust and depopulate his kingdom: he has therefore, within these few days, recalled, by a very solemn edict, all his loving subjects wherever distributed; and I doubt not, but that you will encounter, by and by, many old faces, if not old friends, who have taken much less time about the journey than probably you have done, by reason of their knowledge of the shortest way hither. When you return, you will be astonished at the depopulated state of your own country, and yet will wonder at the tumult and violence which prevails; for those of our people who are latest arrived, report, that the virtuous and vicious parts of mankind, for want of some intermediate characters to break and divide their forces, are fallen upon each other with unqualified fury. But while your curiosity is so powerfully excited by the objects that lie before you, I will not detain you by any political discussions. We will now proceed towards the city, which is called Tintinabia; and where one hour will give you a greater insight into our manners and customs, than a whole day spent in discoursing upon them. I have two or three very great philosophers to dine with me to-day on some of the best dephlogisticated air the country can produce, and I hope for the pleasure of introducing you to them. I can promise you, besides some various kinds of steam, all excellent, and some of the froth of bottled small-beer, which has been in my cellar these twenty years.

After expresssing my sense of this courtesy in the handsomest manner possible, we stepped together into the balloon of my conductor, and arrived in a few minutes in the largest street in the capital. As soon as we alighted, I was almost stunned with the noise which prevailed all around me, and which seemed to issue from every corner; so that I could scarcely catch a word that fell from my friend's mouth, though I could observe that he seemed to have no difficulty in hearing every thing I said: and appeared to be not at all surprised or embarrassed by the indistinct clamour which followed us whereever we went.

Though there was no great appearance of trade in the city, except in coxcombries and gewgaws of various kinds, yet the press and hurry of each person that was walking in the street was remarkable, and the more so, as none of them seemed to have any point in view, but went backwards and forwards, in the same track, with the utmost eagerness and precipitation in their countenances; and look which way you would, you might have imagined an attorney carried to the pillory, or a pick-pocket to the pump. I thought I recollected many farcically solemn persons in this crowd, whom I had formerly remarked at the Royal Exchange in London, and who, while they seemed to have the burden of Atlas upon their shoulders, were actually little more than noisy nothings, that puzzled business, and carried all their consequence in their looks.

As I passed on, I peeped into every shop to form some judgment of their commerce, their wants, their fashions, and their tastes; and feeling myself a little disordered by the foggy atmosphere of this region, called in at an apothecary's, where I swallowed some gingerbread pills, which they gave me for excellent rhubarb; and on my looking a little suspicious, my guids assured me that every thing in that place was as innocent as bread and cheese.

The hair-dresser's shops were so full that there was no room for wig-block; and my friend assured me, that it was not unusual for the cabinet ministers to spend seven hours a day in the arrangement of their head-dresses. The milliners' and haberdashers' shops were not less crowded; and I was informed that the labour of twirling ribbands employed a million of able-bodied subjects. Many persons whom I understood to be authors, and who seemed in very excellent case for authors, were regaling themslves with the steam which issued from a tavern kitchen: and when they had satisfied nature, I observed that they consistently enough paid for their treat, by jingling their money in their breeches pocket.

The number of lottery-offices was prodigious, almost every fifth house being devoted to this idle traffic. As a great many of these chance-merchants had been recalled by the late edict, it was pleasant enough to see written over their door, "Removed from Cheap-side, or Fleet-street;" or, such a one, "late lottery-office keeper in the Poultry."

I own it gave me much satisfaction, to see the booksellers' shops so full; as this raised in me a pleasing hope of finding, on my return, much thinner and choicer collections in my own country; for I have always thought that the advantages arising from the discovery of printing, are nearly overbalanced by the spreading ills its abuse and prostitution have occasioned. In most of these shops there was a prodigious number of dedications and panegyrics which had been brought back on speculation, by the numerous tribe of bookmongers and authors who had been recalled. I saw prefixed to treatises, *de Chirothecis et Ocreis*, *de Lucernis et Candelabris*, *et Custellis et Furcis*, very splendid dedications, addressed to persons whom nobody has ever heard of, under the titles of *Historiæ et Antiquitatum Instauratori felicissimo*, *Ecclesiæ Propugnatori acerrimo*. I could find too, that Salmanaazar's Description of the Fortunate Island, the Ethiopian Travels, Munchausen's Adventures, and Lucian's True History, were books of unquestionable authority in the literature of this country. In turning over a variety of volumes on the subject of philosophy, I could not but remark a great many folios of French discoveries in physics and metaphysics, mixed together with a heap of poems and novels. Almost all our late dramatic productions, it seems, had been recalled; and many a fustian scribbler had been summoned away in the midst of his triumphs and his gains, and ordered to bring his play in his pocket.

In the course of my perambulation it was impossible not to take notice of the many airy equipages which were passing to and fro; and, to judge from the multitude of ducal and other coronets, which were painted thereon, there seemed to be a mighty number of most noble and right honorable peers: and my conductor told me, that so many of this number had been recalled, that I should find, on my return, the coach-makers' warehouses full of the second-hand carriages of the nobility; and should be able to call a state-coach from the stand at Charing-Cross, and ride in it to St. Paul's for eighteenpence.

As there happened to be a stoppage of the balloon-coaches, in a narrow street called Frippery Row, I had leisure to observe the different faces of those who were carried along in them, and was pleased at recognizing some very noisy members of our house of commons. There were also a great many sleek-faces in full-bottomed wigs, and a vast deal of lawn and prunella in many of these floating carriages; and some lawyers, who seemed to be setting out on their circuits, complained very bitterly of the delay, while one of them, who was destined by his Inane Majesty to be the future chancellor, was rapping out a string of oaths at least as long as the line of coaches.

I own I could not help being a little scandalized at the prodigious number of "Lookers-on" that choaked up the streets; but my guide assured me they were only such as had nothing in their heads, and received from what was passing before them, a sort of idiotic gratification, or such a pleasure as babies experience in beholding a sky-rocket or catharine-wheel. "The most serious parts of these men's lives," said he, "are spent in assisting at dinners, or walking in processions; and it is surprising what numbers of this description have been recalled by our edict from the country to which you belong." Here I interrupted my guide, and begged to know the hour of the day; but he told me that no watches or clocks could be made to go in that country owing to some quality in the air which relaxed their springs; a circumstance, however, the less

to be regretted, as a people that had nothing to do, could have no great reckonings with time. He added, that they generally told the days of the week by the length of the men's beards in the market-places.

I observed to my friend, as we continued our walk, the prodigious noise of tongues, which seemed to issue from almost every third house we passed, and was surprised at being told that there was no less a number than five thousand debating clubs in the city of Tintinabia; and that, in a part of the town called Rag-Street Echo-Square, there was a perpetual rumbling like the sound of hackney-coaches in London. I did not forget to pay my visit to some of the churches, which were all crowded like every other public place, and where all seemed to be talking as loud as they could, but the clergyman (with the help of his sounding board) louder than them all; and I could observe a great number of pious and plump Christians throw quantities of oyster-shells and rotten nuts into the poor's boxes.

In regard to the buildings, I could not but take notice, that they seemed throughout of a similar construction and consistency to those new rows of houses which have lately been pasted together in the suburbs of London; and the place all together looked more like the model of a city, or such a one as the pastry-cook in Cornhill will build for a lord-mayor's dinner, than a real and habitable metropolis.

I shall give the remaining part of the history of my vision, in a future Paper, which will contain a description of my travels up the country, and my introduction at court.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM DR. FRANKLIN, SILAS DEANE, ARTHUR LEE, &c.

[Continued.]

Extract of a letter from London, dated March 21, 1777.

Government here has received, within these ten days past, several expresses from general Howe at New-York, in North America, as late as the 19th of last February, which are, in every respect, very disagreeable indeed. He writes in severe terms against general Heister, whom he calls *an old woman* in the field, and a stupid, incorrigible blockhead in the cabinet; he also says that the Hessians and other Germans are the worst troops under his command, and are not fit to be trusted in any business; he has, therefore, desired several particular English officers to be sent to command them; some of those he has pointed out have refused to go on such a forlorn hope; but general Burgoyne, much against his will, is, it seems, obliged to go, and one colonel Charles Gray, who was only a lieutenant-colonel upon half-pay, has agreed to go, being appointed to a regiment, with the rank of a major-general in America.

General Howe has with some difficulty and considerable loss got his troops back to New-York that had attempted to make good their situation at Brunswic, in the Jersies. He has recalled the greater part of those troops that had been sent to Rhode-Island. At New-York they were in the greatest distress for all kinds of fresh provisions and vegetables, at the same time a fever, similar to the plague, prevailed there, that, in all probability, before the Spring, will carry off to the Elysian shades at least one half of the troops that remain there, and prepare an immediate grave for all the Germans and other recruits, that are about to be sent to that infected place; at the same time we learn that the American army, under general Washington increases in numbers every day, and being accustomed to the climate, have kept the field in all the severe weather. Notwithstanding this melancholy prospect of affairs, our papers talk of a foreign war, but in my opinion we are in no condition to engage in one, for you may be assured that we have not in the kingdom sailors enough to man 15 ships of the line, though you may see thirty or forty ships put in commission, as the public prints will tell you; and as to soldiers, the drafts for America have been so great, that we have not 10,000 in the whole island, yet our ministers have lately attempted to bully the states of Holland by a high flying memorial relative to the conduct of some of their governors in the West Indies. It might, however, be attend with very serious consequences if the Hollanders were to take their money out of the English funds.

William Lee.

N. B. If you please, insert the foregoing in the Dutch, Brussels, Frankfort and Hamburg papers.
M. Dumas.

Extract of a letter from Paris, dated April 21, 1777.

If my letters were to estimate the regard due to my dear St. John, he should have them in folios, but on this head I hope he neither wants proofs or assurances. In truth, although we have had a messenger from the land of promise, we have no news to communicate, 'tis possible that the *Philistines* may make some appearance of advancing again towards Jordan and the sacred city, sacred since it is the residence of liberty, but they will be repelled as soon as general W—t—on's army is found, if all his reinforcements should not have joined him, Howe can make the attempt. In the meantime our friends suffering for the want of every necessary to support the war, support their miseries with the hope of being joined, or strongly succoured, by F. and S. But like the mariner, shipwrecked on a desert island, after long looking round for a friendly sail to relieve him, they must find in themselves those resources they hoped from others; I have been buoyed up by the hope, then depressed by despair, till at last I have almost brought myself to believe that we shall be victorious without assistance, a circumstance that will leave in our power the choice of friends and allies. Depend on it, in that case the inclinations of a disappointed people will not be turned where they now solicit and implore in vain. Knowing how much and how strongly the generality of our common people looked up to France, I encouraged a most promising young nobleman, of high rank and fortune, married into the Noailles family, and nephew to the ambassador in England, to go out in a ship of his own to America with a few choice officers, I wrote and prepared all my acquaintance for his reception, insinuating that a man of his estate and rank, would not leave France, without knowing fully the disposition of its court, that their intentions certainly were war, &c. We kept our plan tolerably secret, but a cursed order overtook them at St. Sebastians, the ship is gone on, and my gallant friend is ordered to attend his father-in-law on his travels to Italy, so that what I intend to buoy up the people will serve to depress them. It is wonderful what little circumstances often have great effects, this may be an additional proof of the truth of the observation. I have been so tired of a state of incertainty and inglorious inactivity, that I had determined to embark instantly for America; but these gentlemen think I can serve my country better in Europe, and have detained me on that account. I go again to Germany, among the anthropophagi. Pray the goddess of liberty to shield me in a cloud as Venus did the pious Æneas, or I may fall in their clutches, who, as our Milton says, will bless their lucky man, destined to that good hour; and shall endeavour to send you extracts of newspapers as they come to hand. I beg the proper compliments, &c. to Madame, and am, with much truth, your friend and servant,

Wm. Carmichael.

M. Dumas.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

The King, v. Lawrence and another.

This was a Rule calling on the Defendants, Mr. Lawrence and M'Donald, lieutenants in his majesty's navy, on the impress service at north shields, for having assaulted, imprisoned, and impressed Edward Cooke Milburne, a brewer of that place, who stated in his Affidavit, that two of his men, one of them his manager, and without whose aid he could not carry on his business, had been impressed; that he went to the defendants, and asked their names and the name of the ship they belonged to, for the purpose of applying to the Captain to release his men, as they had never been at sea, but did not tell these Officers that such was his reason for asking their names; and added, that if they were gentlemen they would tell him; on which one of them damned him, asked him if he thought they were not gentlemen? and he said he thought they were not, if they would not tell their names, on which they threatened to shoot him if he did not go about his business; but he persisting in demanding their names, they took him into custody by force, using their cutlasses in every direction, and took him to a house a mile off, and insisted on impressing him, &c. and kept him an hour.

Mr. Erskine shewed cause against the Rule upon the Affidavits of the Defendants; the substance of which was, that this very man himself was reported to have been a Seaman; that when he came up to the Defendants, at the Half-Moon Inn, they had just come ashore upon the Impress Service; he was much intoxicated, behaved insolently to them, interrupted them in the exercise of their duty, although they told him that unless they made haste the Sailors they wanted would run away; notwithstanding which he persisted in opposing them, upon which they took him into custody.

The Chief Justice observed, that the Defendants ought not to have impressed this Brewer, who must have been well known at the place; but it appeared that he had also misconducted himself, and therefore the Court would not interfere in an extraordinary way in the case. In a word, there appeared to be a sufficient portion of misconduct on both sides to make the matter fit for the consideration of a Grand Jury.

Mr. Rein said, that he opened this matter minutely when he moved for the Rule.

Lord Ellenborough said he did, and that was very proper.—Rule discharged.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

It appears to me, says a recent traveller through our happy country, that the president's salary is not adequate to his house. The one is very circumscribed; the other of vast dimensions. It is a shallow policy in a government which makes money the chief good.

The salary allowed the president is only 25,000 dollars a-year; that is, about £5,300 sterling; a sum that may enable him to ask a friend to dine with him *pic nic*, but will not qualify him to impress a foreign Ambassador with much veneration for the first executive office in America.

It may be advanced, that it is not expected from a republican magistrate to regale his guests out of a gold cup. But for the manners of a a republican chief to be absolutely characteristical, he ought,

like Fabricius, to pare his own turnips, and boil them himself.

To Franklin must we look for the source of this sordid economy. It was he who, by diffusing the maxims of poor *Richard*, made the government of the United States a miserly body-politic; tenacious of a farthing, or, in popular language, a nation penny wise, and pound foolish. Franklin, when a child, delighted to hawk ballads for a half-penny; and when he became a man, to save the expense of an errand-boy, he trundled his wheel-barrow through the streets.

Notwithstanding the vaunted philosophy of Franklin, and his discoveries in electricity, he is at best but an ambiguous character. His dereliction of religion has already done more injury to the rising generation, in America, than his maxims will do good. Where Franklin has made one man frugal, he has converted a hundred to Deism. I heard the infidel Palmer, at New-York, enjoin his hearers no longer to suffer passively the flagrant impositions of the Scripture, but catch a portion of the spirit of a *Franklin*, and avow themselves disciples of *natural religion!* And, I doubt not, but this argument of this preacher succeeded; for where a man has one vice of his own, he gets twenty by adoption.

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The Theatre, like all other arrangements, has its fashions and its prejudices; and when satiated with its excellence, mankind begin to mistake change for improvement. For some years, tragedy was the reigning entertainment; but of late it has entirely given way to comedy and our best efforts are now exerted in these lighter kinds of composition. The pompous train, the swelling phrase, and the unnatural rant are displaced for that natural portrait of human folly and frailty, of which all are judges, because all have sat for the picture.

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It seems a fundamental principle of modern politics that every means that can bring wealth into a nation must add just so much to its happiness, prosperity, and duration. But this is no more true, than that every single person is happy, healthy, and long lived, in proportion to his riches.

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Ingratitude to benefactors is the first of revolutionary virtues. Ingratitude is, indeed, the four cardinal virtues of rebels, compacted and amalgamated into one.

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An arrival at New-York, form Liverpool, has furnished late accounts from the European seats of war. In France the arrangements for the invasion of England were continuing with unabating ardor. The expectation of the general plunder of the kingdom by the French soldiery animated all the troops engaged in that service. A principle as powerful, and more noble, actuates all ranks in England for the repulsion of the invaders. This principle is the defence of their altars, their independence, the protection of their property, their children, and every thing to which humanity attaches any value. The real friends of liberty every where, we think, must wish success to the latter power; and if there be any sincerity in the democrats of our country, however they dislike the form of her government, they must, we think, change their ground, and ardently pray for the failure of this hairbrained expedition. Should it succeed in its full extent the freedom of the world will be remembered only by its name. Its effects will fly with the energy and speed of electricity to these remote regions. Should it fail, France will probably receive its rightful sovereign again, with as much enthusiasm as ever was bestowed upon the ideal empress Liberty. Buonaparte will, if he is not made prisoner, be received on his return by the execrations of his nation, and his popularity will vanish like the mist of the morning. We wish that a day of calm sunshine may follow.

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The First Consul, sensible of the efficacy of public prayers, or of the effect of them on the people, has ordered particular forms to be adopted in the several churches throughout France. However expediency might have made him a good muslulman in Egypt, he finds it necessary to be a good christian at home. The form, which has been recommended to the churches of England breathes the spirit of humility, and is such a one as would be presented in this country, were it in a similar crisis as England is at present.

—

The best epigram, which we recollect to have seen for a long time, we extract from a London paper of a late date. The subject is the projected invasion of England, and is a dialogue between John Bull and Buonaparte, and follows, viz.

Says Boney to Johnny, I'll soon be at Dover,
Says Johnny, to Boney, that's doubted by some,
Says Boney but what if I really come over?
Says Johnny, then really you'll be over-come.

—

An *Irish* print says, that Count Kamir in the voyages to *Greenland*, has given a *glowing* description of the mountains of *ice*.

—

A new coinage of Five Livre Pieces is now going forward in Paris, which, instead of the legend "*La Republique Francaise*," are to have "*Dieu protege la France*,"—God protects France; under which is the impression of the head of Bounaparte. The Parisian critics observe, that it would have been better to have made this inscription at once a form of prayer, "*Oh, Dieu, protege la France*," God protect France; or else to imply some meaning, (as God has hitherto been supposed to extend his protection to all nations,) they say, it should have been, *God protects France only:* While others again, but they must be Heathens, think it should have been—*a* god protects France.

—

A *newly initiated Magistrate* lately sent the following letter to his bookseller:—"Sir, Please to send me all the ax of Parliment that belong to a Gustis of the pais, as I am now on." Yours, &c.

—

A punning pick-pocket, lately sent on board the Tender, solicited a pecuniary supply from his friends, observing, that he would not trouble them unless he were cruelly *pressed.*

—

A late London paper, says, "In the publick gardens yesterday, which were numerously attended, some *dashing* ladies, in addition to their *transparancies*, sported the *Diana* leg, by festooning the petticoat on the right side a few inches *above* the knee!

—

The following Laconic Epistle was lately written by a Schoolmaster in answer to a Challenge:—"Sir—If you wish to meet me on the Greek *Dual* I have no objection; a good Lexicon will, in that case, be the best *second;* but as to an English *Duel,* I beg to *decline* it."

—

From the many hundreds who frequent the fashionable routs and music parties on *Sunday*, the magistrates begin to think that the laws respecting *public houses*, may extend to the mansions of Grosvenor-square, and Portman-place, without any impropriety. The only difference seems to be whether the *landlady* shall serve a *pint of beer*, or a *pack of cards.* [*Lond. paper.*

Kotzebue is said to have dramatised the celebrated *Grotius*, and few authors are, perhaps, better calculated for the *sprightly genius* of the *German* drama! [*ib.*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The examination and rejection, or choice of original communications for this paper is a task at once delicate, difficult, and dangerous. On the one hand to admit, with ever smiling facility, every juvenile essay, which Hope or Vanity may offer, would degrade the reputation of the Port Folio, in the opinion of the judicious; and, on the other, to reject, with austere contempt, many a volunteer performance, offered by its trembling author as an exercise, in the hope of fostering favour and literary improvement, would justly subject the intolerant censor to the charge of rashness, or wanton cruelty. The voice of an Editor, to literary adventurers, should be inviting and soft, and may it never he said of him that,

Like the tyranneous breathing of the north,
He check'd the buds from blowing.

We wish, on the contrary, always to act in the spirit of the ensuing verses:

The rich and cultur'd flower to find
Pleas'd must we range the garden's maze,
Where Splendour reigns with Taste combin'd,
And Art her fairy wand displays.

Yet oft near tangled brake, or stream,
By Nature's careless bounty thrown,
A flower we mark that sure we deem
Is all too fair to blush unknown.

Wild and unshelter'd as it stands,
Low drooping thus in modest guise,
We raise its stem with ready hands,
Its beauties catch with willing eyes.

Such artless sweets, where'er descried,
The Muse has sought with patient care,
Mid secret wilds, and meads untried,
A various chaplet to prepare.

And doubly blest, if these can charm
A heart to gentle friendship prone,
Who feels with interest, prompt and warm,
The praise of others as its own.

We repeat our acknowledgments for the kindness manifested by several gentlemen, who have obligingly furnished the Editor with foreign newspapers.

The Editor has understood, in the course of conversation with some of his literary friends, that, notwithstanding their general scarcity even in Europe, a few of the initial numbers of the *original Spectators* may be found in America. He has sufficient reason to believe that this is true, and he will be particularly obliged if any gentleman possessing any of the first *folio* edition, will transmit them to No. 25, north second-street.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The Editor's arrangements for the future management of the Port Folio require a very prompt and general settlement of arrearages. We most respectfully solicit a continuance of the kind attention of our agents to the transmission of names, and the collection of debts. Bank bills may be transmitted with facility and safety. The monies due from the country at large amount to several thousand dollars. In the arithmetic of each liberal subscriber the sum of five dollars is small, and may be easily liquidated. The aggregate of the Editor's claims would enable him to annul the expenses of his establishment, and render the Port Folio more worthy of the public favour.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

RURAL SKETCHES.

Written during the prevalence of the yellow fever in 1802.

SKETCHES—No. VI.

When free from Care's austere controul,
The Muse her cheering smiles bestow'd,
No doubts congeal'd my ardent soul,
My breast with pleasure only glow'd.

Then thus the lyre to joy I strung,
Nor heeded Time's destructive sway;
Thus flow'd, spontaneous from my tongue,
The wild and inharmonious lay—

ODE TO PLEASURE.

Come, Pleasure, with thy laughing train,
And lightly trip it o'er the plain,
Enthron'd in mirth and social glee,
Bestow thy ever cheering smile,
To thee, sweet nymph, I bow the knee,
And bid adieu to care and toil;
The jocund moments swiftly pass,
While in thy magic festive glass
Celestial graces court my eye,
Heart-cheering mirth and jollity.

Let wise-acres tell us the pleasures we're asking
Are transient, and will in a moment expire,
We'll laugh at their folly....while in thy rays basking,
No other enjoyment we court or desire.

With laurel wreaths we'll deck thy shrine,
The myrtle and the eglantine
Shall there forever bloom;
Sweet roses round thy brows we'll twine,
And festive Bacchus' fruitful vine
Shall shed its rich perfume.

The laughing nymphs, with frolic-glee,
Shall join to lead the mazy dance,
While in thy train Euphrosyne,
With all the smiling joys advance:
Circling round in wanton measure,
Months and years shall quickly fly,
While the joyful smile of pleasure
Brightens in each sparkling eye.

Care and Grief we'll drive afar
And Sorrow in her sable car;
No tear of anguish here shall flow,
Nought but Pleasure be our guest,
While her sweet, diffusive glow
Lightens every gladden'd breast.
Light-wing'd Fancy....laughing Joy,
Love's mischievous, wanton boy,
Here shall come to dwell with thee,
And taste sweet mirth and jollity.

We'll scorn all the cold blooded dictates of reason
That would shroud all our joys in Morality's sight,
The 'spring time of life,' not old age, is the season
To taste sweet enjoyment, and wanton delight.

The circling glass, the sparkling bowl,
Shall all in glad confusion roll,
And wing the tardy hours,
While free from Reason's harsh controul
That chills the gen'rous festive soul,
We seeek thy roseate bowers.

Solemn Thought, with furrow'd brow,
Ne'er shall our retreat invade,
But joyous strains from every bough
Shall animate thy hallow'd shade.

Each returning morn shall cheer us
With new joys unknown before,
Doubt and Fear be never near us,
Till we part to meet no more.

LYSANDER.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Sweet is the rose-bud, my fair one, that blooms
Through the dews in the morning of May,
And sweet is the song of the bird that resumes,
When the night has departed, its lay.

The shade of the dark wood is pleasant to me,
And pleasant the murm'ring of streams,
I joy, when from tumult and care I am free,
To be lost in my idle day dreams.

But my hours nor the rose-buds nor birds can beguile,
Nor forests, nor dreams can impart
Their pleasures to me, when I miss the sweet smile
That strays to thy lips from thy heart.

FREDERIC.

SELECTED POETRY.

[The earliest and happiest years in the life of Camoens were passed at Coimbra. The walls of that town were bathed by the river Mondego, to which the following beautiful sonnet is addressed.]

SONNET,

From the Portuguese.

Mondego! thou, whose waters cold and clear,
Gird those green banks, where Fancy fain would stay,
Fondly to muse on that departed day,
When Hope was kind, and Friendship seem'd sincere,
Ere I had purchas'd knowledge with a tear.
Mondego! though I bend my pilgrim way
To other shores where other fountains stray,
And other rivers roll their proud career,
Still nor shall Time, nor Grief, nor stars severe,
Nor widening distance e'er prevail in aught
To make thee less to this sad bosom dear,
And memory oft, by old affection taught,
Shall lightly speed upon the plumes of thought
To bathe among thy waters cold and clear.

STANZAS TO NIGHT.

From the Portuguese of Camoens.

Night! to thee my vows are paid,
Not that e'er thy quiet shade
Me in bower of dalliance laid,
Blest and blessing covers!
No....for thy friendly shade was made
To shroud successful lovers,
And I, Heaven knows,
Have never yet been one of those
Whose love has prov'd a thornless rose!

But since, as piteous of my pain,
Goddess! when I to thee complain
Of truth despis'd and hard disdain,
Thou dost so mutely listen;
For this, around thy solemn fane,
Young buds I strew, that glisten
With tears of woe,
By jealous Tithon made to flow,
From morning....thine eternal foe!

CANZONET.

When day has smil'd a soft farewel,
And night-drops bathe each shutting bell,
And shadows sail along the green,
And birds are still, and winds serene,
I wander silently.

And while my lone step prints the dew,
Dear are the dreams that bless my view,
To Memory's eye the maid appears,
For whom have sprung my sweetest tears,
So oft, so tenderly:

I see her, as, with graceful care,
She binds her braids of sunny hair,
I feel her harp's melodious thrill
Strike to my heart....and thence be still
Re-echoed faithfully.

I meet her mild and quiet eye,
Drink the warm spirit of the sigh,
See young Love beating in her breast,
And wish to mine its pulses prest,
God knows how fervently.

Such are my hours of dear delight,
And morn but makes me long for night,
And think how swift the minutes flew
When last among the dropping dew
I wander'd silently.

BENEVOLENCE....A FABLE.

Imitated from the German of Gellert.

O'er Howard's tomb soft Pity weeps,
Bewailing still her favourite's fate;
And thence the Muse invokes her aid
Of kindred merit to relate.

Like him to sympathize with woe,
Like him to heal the broken mind,
And rear affliction's drooping head,
Belinda's gen'rous soul inclin'd.

But want of fortune oft, too oft,
Her charitable views withstood;
For what, alas! avails the will,
Without the power of doing good?

Her uncle dies, and leaves his niece
A clear eight hundred pounds per ann—
'Ah! now,' she cries, 'I'm blest, indeed,
I'll help the poor where'er I can.'

Scarce had she spoke, when, at her door,
An old decrepit wretch appears;
Bent on his crutch, he begs an alms,
And moves her pity with his tears.

Belinda felt for his distress,
She heav'd a sigh, and shook her head;
Then to this aged son of woe
Stretch'd forth a—*crust of mouldy bread!*

[In the works of David Mallet, there is a very sweet Scotch air 'The Birks of Endermay,' and Lionel, earl of Middlesex, has delighted many an enthusiast by the perennial beauties of 'Arno's vale.' The style and cadence of these popular songs are finely imitated by Mr. J. H. L. HUNT.]

The placid eve, the whisp'ring gale,
Bid musing Love and Peace prevail;
And call the lonely swain to stray,
Where breezy coolness fans the way.
How sweet to breathe through yonder grove
The pensive lay, the sighs of love,
While streams in answering murmurs lave
The peaceful banks of Wandle's wave.

Yet, ah! the notes that friendship taught,
Must soon awake a gloomier thought,
Since she will close those eyes of fire,
That now the rural song inspire;
The summer eve, the cooling grove,
Hear then no more the sighs of love;
I go to dress affection's wave,
Adieu, the banks of Wandle's wave!

EPIGRAM.

Whether Lavater's fool, or sage,
I know not by his chin and eyes,
But by his works I will engage
To prove he is not over-wise.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
FOR THE EDITOR,
BY HUGH MAXWELL,
NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.